

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

LIANE DE POUGEY AND KING EDWARD.

Mme. Liane de Pougey has arrived. She is French, of poor parentage, is uneducated, is wild. She is sinuous, sensual, on the Greek order, and a brunette.

She has had on her string a king or two, a whole batch of princes, many politicians, and a few literary men of the poetical kind. Some time ago she was ripped up the back by another woman, who was an actress and who chided Liane for lacking visible means of support. Liane resented for something visible, and went on the stage. Fortune brought her to London. King Edward VII., the gray-headed old rascal, saw her, and now all England is being unutterably shocked and outraged because the emperor wined and dined with her and pays her the most flattering attentions.

The explanation of the reason that an old veteran like Edward should take up with a woman who has ruined a half dozen young men of wealth, who has been the object of repeated duels, who is not cultured, is only to be found in the woman's personality.

It isn't all face and figure—it is the charm back of both which makes them incandescent. Occasionally women of this kind plunge into view, or are sent by the devil who wants a vacation. On the smaller scale they will go through a community like a cyclone, or on the larger scale they will hit the heart of a government and knock its foundations out from under it.

In comparison with such a woman dynamite is a chocolate bonbon. A glance of her eye will net a man of monumental virtue; the bow of her smile will drop a saint in the dust in the agony of temptation, and a touch of her hand will turn a philosopher into a Satyr. She is inexplicably irresistible.

Yet there is escape for her. It was Xenophon who, conscientiously anxious to be high minded and worthy, went to Socrates and asked him how he should escape such a woman whom he wished to escape and didn't wish to escape. Socrates said: "Xenophon, when you see that woman, turn and run for your life."

Since then the kind has improved. It doesn't do to risk your feet. The thing for King Edward to do is to take an automobile and get somebody to tie him in first.

REASON FOR ANTI-THIRD TERMERS.

The fathers of the republic were of different minds, doubtless, about the wisdom of permitting successive terms of the presidency to be held by one man. Washington, in the oft-quoted passage of his Farewell Address, laid his final retirement from the presidency rather upon the fact that the young republic could now get along without him than upon any notion of the wrongfulness of his continuance in office. Indeed, it is interesting to recall that Washington was on the point of declining even a second term— which none of his successors has seemed to think opposed to the spirit of our institutions, unless it may have been Hayes, who announced in advance of his election that he should decline to be a candidate for a second term. Washington called in Madison's assistance to prepare a public announcement declining to stand in 1792; but the importunities of his friends, who showed him how critical the foreign relations of the country were at that moment, induced him to change his resolve; and a somewhat humorous light is thrown on the affair by the fact that, four years later, having meanwhile broken with Madison, Washington used the Madison manifesto, warmed over almost as originally written, in his Farewell Address, making it applicable to a third term instead of a second. Some historical student has raised the question whether, if Washington had carried out his intention in 1792 of declining a second term, that precedent would have been considered as binding upon his successors as his third-term position.

Mr. Jefferson is the authority against a third term most frequently quoted in company with Washington. But Jefferson was a man of impulse, and sometimes he was worried over things which at other times he regarded with great equanimity, if not actually with favor. Thus, in 1787, he wrote of the four years' term of the presidency with no limit set on re-elections: "Reason and experience prove to us that a chief magistrate so continuable is an officer for life." "I wish at the end of four years they had made him forever ineligible a second time." But he had become so reconciled to the existing conditions by 1793 as to say of the same lack of limitation: "I would wish it to remain uncorrected so long as we can avail ourselves of the services of our great leader." And to Washington himself he appealed thus in 1792: "I consider your continuance at the head of affairs as of the last importance." This, to be sure, had reference, for the moment, to a second term; but the expression of three years before was, like the constitutional provisions for electing presidents, unlimited.

MORE PROMISES FROM THE SULTAN.

Hope never dies. Mr. Lelshman, the United States minister at Constantinople, has informed the state department that he has received another promise, the second from the Turkish government, that the indemnity of about \$30,000 demanded on account of the destruction of American property in Armenia, in 1894, would be paid.

Minister Tirrell in President Cleveland's administration was the first to claim the honor of a promise from the Sultan. Then Mr. Angell went to Constantinople especially to collect the indemnity, and brought back a whole basket full of promises. Then Mr. Strahan tried it and got the personal assurance three different times that the \$30,000 would be forthcoming. Weary of waiting, he then left in disgust, and delegated Mr. Grinnon, his charge d'affaires, to attend to the matter. The latter called every week for a long time and received "positive assurances" but no cash. Now the Sultan has promised again.

From time to time the government concludes to "make a demonstration," but this never appeals the Sultan. He always hops up smiling with more promises.

Twisting the British lion's tail is not the only hard job in the world. To rig a Spanish windmill around the Sultan's neck that will twist that \$30,000 out of him is fully as difficult. Isn't it about time to make another demonstration?

TUBBS AND TROUBLE.

The New York Evening Post says: "The dismissal of Prof. Frank D. Tubbs from the chair of natural sciences in Wesleyan University at Salina, Kan., throws an interesting light upon the standards of orthodoxy in that state. Professor Tubbs is laboring under the grave charge of being a living evolutionist, a theory which the people described as 'the older and more orthodox Methodist ministers' so abhor that they will not even give Professor Tubbs a hearing. Apparently the general issue of academic freedom is not involved here, for the school professes to be a sectarian institution; that is, it subsidizes the independent investigation of the truth to the propagation of certain doctrines. Professor Tubbs himself admits that his standing as a scientist, his success as a teacher and administrator, and his character as a man were not the only things considered in his appointment, for he says: 'Bishop Vincent fully questioned my beliefs, approved them, and appointed me to the seminary.' The only question is whether an evolutionist can be an orthodox Methodist in central Kansas. The trustees of the school say no. The decision may cause Professor Tubbs temporary inconvenience; but

If belief in evolution be his only fault, he can comfort himself with the reflection that he is far better off than the 'university' at Salina."

The Post continues: "This incident is evidence of the wide difference between Methodism in Massachusetts and in Kansas. One of the leaders of the agitation against Professor Tubbs is the Rev. M. J. Mumford, who has apparently been wholly successful in his undertaking. This is not, however, Mr. Mumford's first heresy hunt. He displayed similar activity a year or two ago, when he was a student in Boston university, also a Methodist institution. At that time he was much troubled over what he regarded as the unorthodoxy of Dr. Hinkley G. Mitchell, professor of Hebrew, and he got eight other students to join him in a protest against Professor Mitchell's teachings. The board of trustees, with great promptness, gave a decision in favor of the professor. But Mr. Mumford, not yet content, persisted in making a disturbance over the matter, and was accordingly dismissed from the university. Thus orthodoxy is apparently a question of geography rather than of belief; and there may have been some basis for the lament of a pious Baltimore woman that north and east of Philadelphia everybody was heterodox."

MORE TRANSVAAL TRIBULATION.

Just as certain optimistic and hopeful Englishmen began to breathe easier and to imagine that they saw the end of the Transvaal trouble and expense, dark rumors of new tribulation and added expenditures come to their ears.

The fated treaty government, now in precarious power, has decided, according to the London correspondent of the New York World, to levy the enormous sum of \$250,000,000 on the owners of the gold mines of the Transvaal to help meet the cost of the war against the Boers. This in itself means a very heavy load for the regime of Chamberlain and Milner to attempt to carry were no other unpleasant complications in sight.

But on the very day in which the report of this proposed gigantic levy is published, comes tidings from Germany that the entire press of Berlin severely condemns the report of the British Transvaal concessions committee as being high-handed and denying private property rights in war, against the practice and theory of all civilized countries. Nor is it all newspaper talk, if advice from the German capital are to be trusted. It is declared that the government of Emperor William has formally instructed the German embassy in London to protest against the gross wrong meditated against a large number of German stockholders in the Netherlands-South African railroad whenever it appears certain or even likely that the British government will adopt the report of the concessions committee.

Small wonder, indeed, if more than one Englishman feels tempted to say, in view of the prospect of seemingly endless costs of the Boer war: "Devil take the Transvaal!" If England had never undertaken the abrogation of the Boer republics, how many hundreds of thousands of pounds her people might be in pocket today!

LACK OF JUDICIAL PROGRESS.

In his latest work, "The Riddle of the Universe," Ernst Haeckel speaks almost with despair of the backward condition of government and judicial administration at the beginning of the twentieth century. The eminent scientist says:

"Not a week passes in which we do not hear of judicial decisions over which every thoughtful man shakes his head in despair; many of the decisions of our higher and lower courts are simply unintelligible. We are not referring in the treatment of this particular 'world-problem' to the fact that many modern states, in spite of their paper constitutions, are really governed with absolute despotism, and that many who occupy the bench give judgment less in accordance with their sincere conviction than with wishes expressed in higher quarters."

Haeckel was here speaking of judicial conditions in Europe, and especially in Germany, of which he was a witness. He hadn't read the last opinion of our own supreme court.

FREE TRADE WITH PORTO RICO NEAR.

Porto Rico, as Treasurer Hollander has assured Governor Allen, will be ready for free trade with the United States when the new tax law passed at the recent session of the insular legislature shall have become operative in all its parts, which will be on July 1 next. The Porto Rican government act of congress, which contained the provision for the collection of 15 per cent of the Dingley rate on exports to and imports from this country, also provided for the discontinuance of the collection of these duties at the end of two years or whenever notice should be given by the insular government that a system of taxation sufficient to the maintenance of its political household had been enacted. In the latter event authority was given to the president to abolish the existing tariff on trade between this country and the island by proclamation.

King Edward VII. is stuck on Lina de Pougey, the most beautiful of French women. He is winning and dining her. Liane's record as favorite is: King of Belgium, Prince Napoleon, General Boulanger, Duke of Cambridge, Prince Henry of Orleans, Lord Ouseley and Jeanne Lorraine, the poet.

If you are a bluffer, don't let anybody find it out. Two hot cakes which have been dropped are Tillman and McLaughlin. The public found they were bluffing and won't listen to 'em.

The New York minister who says that Mr. Carnegie's example in the library line is notice to the young men that education doesn't count like material progress, has been thinking.

A Kansas City reporter asked Lulu Kennedy if she dreaded to go to the penitentiary. She gave an answer that thrilled the reporter. She said she did dread it.

Dowie of Chicago says that the doctors are planning to kidnap him, beat him until he is insane, and then imprison him. Dowie has a lot of fun with himself.

General Calles, the Filipino general, has agreed to surrender his force, which numbers about 500. He does it in the interest of his life.

Courts of the first instance have been created in the Philippines and seventeen judges appointed. And eleven of the judges are Americans.

They have unveiled a statue of Bismarck in Germany. And as Germany grows older the Bismarck statues will increase yearly in number.

As proved by the verdict in the Kennedy case at Kansas City, it isn't always safe, by ten years or so, for a woman to kill a man.

John G. Woolley, the lecturer of Chicago, has started on a tour of the world to get material for a lecture. He is simply kidding.

Phillips, who formed the company to corner May corn, last Saturday sent out \$1,000,000 to people who helped him in the deal.

Everybody hopes that Pingree will get well. Pingree is an individual whom organization has never mastered or mastered.

The British liked Dewet the other day, they say; but they didn't capture him, and Dewet isn't licked till he is taken.

King Edward ought to try to be good. He is old enough now for goodness to be a habit.

Roosevelt may not rather be right than be president, but he would rather kill a bear.

The British have that elated feeling again that the Boer war is over.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TALE.

One evening when I was in my study at home a stately woman accompanied by a boy who was as shy as a fawn, was shown in. She handed me a letter from an Episcopal minister in an eastern city. I think the woman's manner would have enlisted my sympathy, but bearing a letter from whom I knew to be great and good in his profession, I gave her my immediate consideration. At her own request the boy was sent to another room.

She was on her way to Australia, where her husband was an officer in the English army. She might be absent a year. She wished to leave her boy where he would have the advantages which she had been assured by the good minister. I gave. Briefly she outlined the boy's character. Having made all arrangements about his tuition, etc., she placed in my hands a sum of money for the same and for the boy's general welfare. He was then called in. His mother told him all. He at once became one of my household. The parting between them was so tender that I was quite as deeply affected for the moment at least, as was the mother. She left the following morning overland for San Francisco. That before the day was half over she was part of the country. I had three letters from her between here and San Francisco. The last was written on the eve of her sailing for Australia.

The boy quickly won the affections of my family. He was a quick student and always exemplary without the usual efforts to bring about such a condition in a boy. Once a week, after his mother called, he wrote to her in his childish way. These letters he always read to me. Nightly on his retiring he knelt before his mother's portrait and said the prayer she had taught him.

She had been gone two months before he heard from her. The first letter contained an account of her voyage, and such endearments as only a mother can give to a child. This letter and all that followed showed the writer to be a cultivated woman.

The term was finished and the new character in my study was a vacation passed and he entered upon his second term. The winter passed and the spring came on as it always does in this section, early, when the leaves were in flower and birds seem to come all together. I was summoned one evening quickly to the room of my charge. The fever had come like a thief in the night, and the boy recognized me for a few moments only. Then the tendrils seemed to shrivel as tendrils do when touched by frost, and before the night was over he was dead. We found that he had taken his mother's portrait with him when he retired. We found it under his pillow. The boy had said to me, "I am like a school. The teachers were the boys of his class. Every pupil in my school followed on foot to the beautiful cemetery which surrounded this city of the living. When the earth was rounded up over the casket it was covered with roses. But for the white shafts and tombstones all about it you wouldn't have suspected that it was a grave."

The next day came a letter from his mother. She had just reached San Francisco on her way back and would reach here as quickly as the quickest transportation could fetch her. I had no means of interpreting her, and I do not think I should have done so if I could. There was nothing to do but wait. The day before the time I had figured for her arrival I crossed the river and awaited the stage in which she was a passenger. When I saw her she was in a garb which tells its own story. With the quick intuition of a woman when they are in trouble she seemed to read my secret. This was a relief to me, for I had tried in vain for the gentlest way to tell her. And still her eyes did not find relief in mine.

The next day she went to the grave. My scholars, who had been told that she would probably be here at the time mentioned, had hoped fresh flowers upon the mound.

A few days later the mother proceeded East, and then called for England.

My friend, the Episcopal minister, had been misinformed. The child's mother died in childbirth. He was adopted by the woman who had been fitted by the Episcopal minister to be a mother to the child's mother and didn't. The woman who left the boy in my care tracked the English officer to Australia and had her revenge. His death was a mystery for several years. The woman who caused it meanwhile died in an English madhouse.—F. H. B., in Chicago Tribune.

Kipling's Latest Poem.

"The Bridge Guard in the Karroo," published in London (Times of June 5.) "And will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge."

District Orders—Lines of Communication.

The raw glare softens and elings, The dusk of the dawn, the dawn of the dusk, Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Hemphills of slaughter and perfume— The sky-line's belting berry And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the peasant closes, Lit by the last of the sun— Opal and ash-of-rose, Cinnamon, amber and dun.

The twilight swallows the thicket, The starlight reveals the ridge, The white shrills to the picket, We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely, Where the empty melody shines— No, not combative— Details guarding the line.)

We slip through the broken pass of Of duty by the gauger's scale— We drop to the waterless channel And the lean track overhead.

We stumble on refuse of rations— The beef and the biscuit tins— We take our appointed stations And the endless night begins.

We hear the Hottentot herders As the sheep click past to the fold— At the click of the heels of the veldt, As the steel contracts in the cold—

Voices of jackals calling And lost in the night between, A morsel of flesh falling From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the golden ornament reaches And the hosts of heaven rise, Framed through the iron arches— Handed and barred by the line.

'Till we hear the far track humming, And we see her headlight plain, And we gather and wait her coming— The wonderful north-bound train.

(Few, forgotten and lonely, Where the empty melody shines— No, not combative— Details guarding the line.)

Quick, we the gift escape us— Out of the darkness we reach, For a handful of week-end papers, And a mouthful of human speech!

And the monstrous heaven rejoices, And the earth allows again, Meetings, greetings, and the peace— Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places, And the darkness covers our faces, And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely, Where the leavening light-tints shine; No—not combative—only Details guarding the line.

"Father," asked the boy-old Mabel looking up from her book, "What is the part?"

"Back talk," answered father, "but so smart that you wish you'd said it yourself."

Teacher—You believe in giving credit to whom credit is due, don't you?

Practical Man—Y-yes, but I make everybody else pay cash.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

The decision of the Washington court on the Lone Wolf suit will be handed down today or tomorrow.

This year Dennis Flynn will jerk the American eagle belt-headed on the Fourth of July at Chandler.

The governor of Alaska and the governor of Porto Rico get a better salary than the governor of Oklahoma.

Mrs. James A. Nichols, of St. Reno, who was injured in a runaway and had to have her leg amputated, is dead.

The Alaska News wants to know if the new Presbyterian board will permit a man to be saved under the organic act.

If there is gold in the Wichita mountains it is about time somebody dug a little of it out into the world and showed it.

In one Oklahoma town the cherries were so thick in one man's orchard that he simply cut the trees down and threshed 'em.

The prospective settlers are growing a good deal over the lavish manner in which the school sections are to be handled.

Ed Marchant, of Cleo Springs, says that one of the prime causes of the prosperity of secret societies is the lack of fraternity in churches.

The governors of New Mexico and Arizona will be re-appointed. They had fought on terms similar to that made on Chandler terms.

The printer who makes up the Shawnee Herald is an artist, and the pressman is another. The Herald is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Editor of the Orient, writes to the editor of the Augusta News that the steel for the road from Anthony to Augusta has been purchased.

It is inevitable that when the drawing takes place, every time a man draws a good claim some of the newspapers will speak of it as "luck" (?)

Bill Cross, of Oklahoma City, who is going to give the Democratic nomination for congress, is known by the traveling men as "The Omnipresent."

The city council of Oklahoma City has made a resolution to the effect that a little part in Maywood addition shall be known as "Col. Stiles' park."

That Lincoln county man who has gone insane over worrying for fear his wheat crop would fail is an instance of what a perilous occupation wheat-growing really is.

Secretary Hitchcock sat on the Lone Wolf suit Saturday. They wanted to see the president. Secretary Hitchcock told them, "no," and sent 'em away with long faces.

Elmer Brown, of Oklahoma City, has been made out of the money he has hoped sincerely that he will dispose of some of his malaria and try to like a few people in this world.

Two boys at Cleo got a team and started out to see the world. They were overhauled, brought back and the inflammation for travel in the region was drawn to another place, and a team by the application of a shingle plow.

A drunken Indian created a scene in Minco the other day by falling into the gutter and staying there. The town has no patrol wagon, so a dog was requisitioned, the drunken Indian was dumped in, taken around to an alley and dumped out.

Cherokee News: Miss Ruby Higginbotham, in a letter to her editor's wife, says: "If you haven't a cave, have one dug at once. Do not put it off. This is good advice, and from one who has been there." She was in the twilight at Eddy.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

One of the judges of election in Topeka in the majority campaign was named Gamblouski.

The number of appointments it falls to Governor Stanley's fortune to appoint is piling good fuel on the tender of his senatorial boom.

State Senator Fremont Lally, of Butler county, has been appointed by Governor Stanley a member of the state text book commission.

Judge Hook last week held that Indians are not full citizens. But they are usually when they can get hold of whiskey or lemon extract.

Possibly the appointment of a pension commissioner will arrive this week. It will be Judge Samuel Peters. Evans is to be given another place.

"I feel tough," said a man yesterday. "I can't see what's the use of life, anyhow. I guess I'll go up to Emporia and see if I can't get into the outside wave."

It has come to light that some of the colored people of Leavenworth are secretly arming themselves "to keep the white people from infringing on their rights."

Mrs. Mary E. White, a Topeka woman, who has been private secretary to Carrie Nation, has said Carrie for \$3 salary.

Mrs. Nation's reply is that they have other things to worry about.

D. W. Halmer, one of the leading druggists of Emporia, has had his liquor permit annulled as a result of W. C. T. U. efforts. The women say that they have other druggists headed for the pillbox.

Senator Burton says that he will not announce his recommendations for federal appointments—that he will let the first word of his selection be the announcement of appointment by the president.

There is a story walking the highway to the effect that the Burton folk are working on M. R. Low to be a candidate for the United States senate. It is low in the air, but will have to go to the tip of the stick.

Professor Cottrell, of the Kansas Agricultural college, predicts that a beef famine is coming. But Kansas has just getting tangled up in live statistics and falling over herself trying to find something terrible.

Judge Brewer says it is true that he used to get up every morning at four o'clock, but that in recent years he finds he needs more sleep, and doesn't arise until five o'clock. Think of a man on the supreme bench making the greatest of all luxuries, a morning snooze.

It is reported that John O'Day, the rich man of Springfield, Mo., who was well known in Kansas, is married the third time—this time to his stenographer. His former wives are living. The second wife, who is from Kansas, is a widow known as Mrs. O'Day. She recently because of the stenographer.

Lawrence Journal: For some weeks a story has been going the rounds of the newspapers that John O'Day, the rich man of Springfield, Mo., who was well known in Kansas, is married the third time—this time to his stenographer. His former wives are living. The second wife, who is from Kansas, is a widow known as Mrs. O'Day. She recently because of the stenographer.

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Geo. Innes & Co.

Two Special Attractions Today

Another Handkerchief Special Today

This time twenty-five dozen sheer all linen unadorned Hemstitched Ladies' Handkerchiefs, beautifully hand embroidered, all 25c. but Handkerchiefs stock is too heavy, and they go today—

At 15 Cents

South window.

Wash Goods Special Today

Fifty places fine Printed Batiste, beautiful patterns, light and dark effects, price all season has been 10c per yard. Today you can choose—

At 7 Cents

We Have Those... Chop Plates

You Were Looking For

The Earthenware Water Coolers

Are the Thing, \$1.50

THE CALDWELL CHINA HOUSE
132 North Main

An Honest

Toiler's

Honest Story

No one can read the following lines without being impressed by their clear and convincing words. Every sentence tells. The language is that of truth. It is almost classic in its simplicity—graphic in picturing the ills of every-day life as they actually occur:

I thought I would write and tell how much good Ripans Tablets have done me. My trouble began four years ago. I would get up tired in the morning, ache all over, headache, dizziness in the eyes and much more. I was always troubled with constipation and it grew worse all the time. I doctored with several different doctors and never got any relief. I kept getting worse and came to the country about a year ago thinking the climate would do me good. I was so miserable I could hardly live and did wish to die, as I thought it my only relief. But I am glad that such was not the case. I kept reading the Ripans Tablets. They sounded so real I thought I would give the Tablets a trial. After eating, my stomach would hurt as bad and most I would have a severe pain in the left side of my back and was so nervous I could not be still. I always had a coated tongue and a sour taste in my mouth. I would have pains in the liver and my